

A HAPPY NEW-YEAR.



The New's-Boy's Third Address TO THE PATRONS OF THE CHURCH WITNESS.

*The whole year through
We've brought for you,
The "Witness" to your door;
On New-Year's day
We ask our pay,—
A SHILLING,—nothing more.*

The northern breezes sharp and clear,
Have ushered in the new-born year,
And happy may it be!
May all our friends attain their ends,
And enemies be turned to friends,
In eighteen fifty-three.

The by-gone year, in Church and State,
Has many strange things to relate;
To some of these we turn:
They are not *all* of such a class,
That, whether brought or not, to pass,
Church Witnesses need mourn.

We know that Britain's standard waves,
Where ocean's sunny billow laves
The shores of Birmah's land;
We know, on Afric's southern coast
Too many precious lives are lost,
In war with the Caffre band.

In fickle Gallia's land, we know,
The crown is on Napoleon's brow,
And freedom is no more:
We know, amidst a nation's gloom,
That good Old Duke is in the tomb,
Napoleon quailed before.

We know the gold is good, is fine,
That comes from the Australian mine:
That *Free Trade* rules the roast:
We know that railway cars are coming,
And speculators now are summing,
The profits and the cost.

And swifter than the railway car,
Beneath Atlantic's waves afar,
From Britain to Cape Race:
And thence along the Labrador,
To snowy Scotia's ice-bound shore,
The Electric-wire we trace.

Nor can we pass that snowy realm,
E'en with the *lightning* at the helm,
That lies the Pole around,
Without a prayer for *Sir Edward*, bold,
Now battling with the icebergs cold,
That *Franklin* may be found.

All these, no doubt, are fertile themes,
And each prolifically teems
With glowing hopes and fears:
But we sing the *SHIP* that has braved the seas
Of a world at war, or a world at ease,
For many a hundred years.

The good OLD CHURCH is tossing now,
As she of yore was used to do,
Upon the troubled waves;
But her faithful crew need never fear,
For her Star above is bright and clear;
While storms below she braves.

On dear old ALSTON's happy shores,
Where Providence its blessings pours,
Some hate the REFORMATION;
And with its troubles and its toils,
Its squabbles, feuds, and endless broils,
Would have back CONVOCATION.

And some there are, it may be few,
That fain would have their Synods too,
Our *Colonies* to rule;
But have them whosoever may,
NEW BRUNSWICK, we presume to say,
Will not be such a fool.

Poor Gladstone's Bill has travelled round,
From post to pillar, but has found
No very lovely greeting:
It's sage provisions, not as yet,
Have joy or admiration met,
From e'en one *Parish Meeting*.

We do not think that *Synods* are,
As good as some wise folks declare;
Or *Gladstone* free from guile;
Their *composition* till we know,
And more about their *powers* too;
We'd rather wait awhile.

The good OLD SHIP must sail along, [strong,
Though storms should blow both loud and
As she was wont to do;
At home, abroad, the chief command
Must still remain in SUMNER's hand—
A faithful man and true.

Saint John, N. B., 1st January, 1853.

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